

# THE NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

DISCE · QUASI · SEMPER · VICTURUS ·  
· VIVE · QUASI · CRAS · MORITURUS ·

VOL. XXIV.

NOTRE DAME, INDIANA, JANUARY 10, 1891.

No. 17.

To the Rev. Alexis Granger, C. S. C.

BY ARTHUR BARRY.

The first priest, Christ, for many years and long  
A hidden life, obscure and lowly led  
Afar from scenes where fame and glory spread  
Their nets of pride, and hold in meshes strong  
E'en noble souls who move amidst the throng,  
Nor flee the baleful light by honors shed;  
And not till He was risen from the dead  
Did glory greet Him in the Easter song.

"Another Christ" in very truth thou art,  
O priest of fifty years! Like His thy days  
All hidden lie; like His thy lowly heart  
In self-effacement shuns e'en fitting praise:  
No transient worldly fame is meet for thee,  
But Seraphs sing thy Golden Jubilee.

## Immortality.

From the remotest period of antiquity even to the present day, one all-important question has ever been present before the minds of men. Nations have sprung into existence, become rich, flourished for awhile, and then sank into oblivion. Empires which at one time were so powerful as to rule the whole world have fallen into decay, and now nothing but ruins testify to their former state of grandeur and power. New countries have been discovered, and the whole world been upturned, and, as it were, made over again. Yet through all these different periods of history this great question—does the soul die with the body, or does it live on after death?—has ever been present.

The soul dwells within an earthly house. During its continuance within this humble abode it may justly be considered as confined and

imprisoned. It is restrained from the full exercise of its powers by many obstructions; it can perceive and act only through imperfect organs; it is obliged to sympathize with the body in its wants, and is beset by many evil temptations which arise from the bodily appetites and passions. "It looks abroad as through the windows of the senses, and beholds truth as through a glass, darkly."

All these circumstances reveal the marks of a fallen and degraded state of human nature. The body corresponds so little with the powers and capacities of an immortal spirit that we may well believe that the souls of men will not always be thus confined. Close as is this union between the body and soul, it is but a temporary union: at death the body shall return to the dust from which it came, and the spirit to the God who gave it.

One most powerful argument which can be brought to bear upon this subject is the universal belief of mankind in the immortality of the soul. Never has any nation been discovered on the face of the earth so rude and barbarous that in the midst of their wildest superstitions there was not cherished among them some expectations of a state after death in which the virtuous were to enjoy happiness.

Does not the pagan Cicero say that you may find many cities without walls or fortifications, but that a city without temples or some outward manifestations of religious worship could not be found upon the face of the earth? So universal a consent in this belief affords just grounds to ascribe it to some innate principle implanted by God in the human breast. Had it no foundation in truth, we must suppose that the Creator found it necessary to carry on a principle of universal deception among His rational subjects for the purpose of His govern-

ment. Many of our strongest passions are made to have a clear reference to the future existence of the soul. The love of fame, the ardent concern which so often prevails about futurity; all allude to something higher and better which cannot be attained in this life. The consciousness both of the good and bad bear witness to a world which is to come.

Seldom do men leave this world without some fears or hopes respecting it; some secret anticipation and presages of what is hereafter to befall them. Those who try to call it in question do so only because they fear the awful hereafter. Those who sneer at it, and call it but the superstition of an ignorant mind are most always wanting in sincerity. Few, indeed, if any at all, have a doubt in their minds when they are called to the death-bed of some near relative or dear friend. They all have some secret hope that this will not be the end, and that perhaps they may meet again in a better world where all shall be equal, and happiness reign supreme.

We have just said that the body and soul are at present united by the closest sympathy; when one suffers the other is affected. Both seem to grow up together to the maturity of their powers, and together both seem often to decay. Such a shock is apparently suffered by the soul at death as at first sight might lead us to suspect that it was sharing the same fate with the body. Notwithstanding this there are clear proofs that the body and soul, though closely connected by divine appointment with one another, are, however, substances of different and dissimilar natures. Matter, of which the body is composed, is a substance altogether dead and impassive, and cannot be put in motion without some external force; whereas the soul has within itself a principle of motion, activity and life. Between the laws of matter there is so little resemblance, or rather so much opposition that mankind in general have agreed in holding the soul to be an immaterial substance. This being once admitted, it clearly follows that since thought depends not on matter, we have no grounds to infer the destruction of the thinking part of man.

If the human soul is not destroyed it must live on forever. But who is powerful enough to annihilate the soul? Not any human creature, surely, for to annihilate means as much as to create; and we know that no man is powerful enough to create even an atom of matter, consequently, no one could possibly destroy the soul. But perhaps, some one will say, that if no human being can destroy the soul, God,

who is almighty, can annihilate it. God is all-powerful, and the only limit to His omnipotence is that which involves a contradiction, and we maintain that there is a contradiction in affirming that God will destroy a substance, intellectual and immaterial, such as the human soul. God evidently never made anything in vain, and all natural desires and aspirations must be fulfilled, else He could not be just; but as God is almighty, He must also be infinitely just; therefore, God being infinitely just He will never destroy the soul. Another strong proof is the one brought forth and explained by St. Thomas: "God who is the Maker of nature never withdraws from His creatures that which is essential to them. But it is an essential of intellectual substances to be perpetual; therefore the human soul, being intellectual, must be perpetual."

If the soul were to perish with the body the state of man would be altogether unsuitable to the wisdom and perfection of the great Author of his being. Man would seem to be the only creature which was made in vain. All the other works of God perfectly answer the purpose for which they were made. They are either incapable of knowledge at all, or they know nothing higher than the state in which they were placed; but this is not the case with man. All his faculties have the appearance of being framed for something higher than what they attain in this life. His thirst for knowledge, his aspirations for something higher and better, all go beyond his earthly station. He continually sees the narrow bounds within which he is here confined; he knows and laments all the imperfections of his present state.

The ruins of human nature present themselves on every hand. In the midst of all his researches, all his joys and hopes, he is suddenly cut down: "He is but of yesterday, and to-morrow is gone." Often in the bloom of life, when he is just entering upon his earthly career, and sees before him a long life of enjoyment and pleasure, death comes upon him, and he is gone. Can we believe that when this period arrives, the soul, the noblest and best part of man, is destroyed? Can it be that such an exalted apparatus of rational powers, taught to form high ideas and enlarged desires, were merely brought forth to pass a short period here on earth, breathe the gross and impure air for a moment, and then be cut off from all existence? On all His other creatures we see the hand of a just and infinite Artificer. They completely fulfil the conditions for which they were created, and then go back to the bosom of nature whence they came.

If the soul of man were annihilated, then God would not be just; for if God is just He must reward the good and punish the evil. But on every hand we see an unequal distribution of the goods and enjoyments of this life. The virtuous often instead of being rewarded are severely punished. In the midst of their infirmities, sorrows and diseases, they are left to drag out their lives without any help or reward, whilst the ungodly have lavished upon them all the benefits that this life can bestow. Does this arrangement seem consonant with any ideas we have formed of a supreme Ruler and an infinitely just God? No; we come to the conclusion that there must of necessity exist a life to come where all wrongs are repaired, all virtues rewarded; a life as perfect and lasting as God Himself, where justice shall reign supreme, and happiness be the lot of all good men. If this were not so the ways of God would be utterly inexplicable, and we should be obliged to conclude that either God did not exist, or else He did not possess those moral attributes which we now ascribe to Him.

C. H. SANFORD.

#### Les Noces d'Or.

Noël! dans le saint temple, ô Prêtre du Seigneur!  
Pour la première fois tu vas chanter la Messe.  
Anges du Paradis, quels transports d'allégresse  
Quand Jésus Christ des cieux abaissa la hauteur!

Notre Dame bientôt captiva son grand cœur:  
Jeunes et vieux l'ont vu sans peur et sans faiblesse  
Parler, souffrir, prier, se taire avec adresse,  
Ennemi de la force, adorant la douceur.

Cinquante ans de travaux, cinquante ans de Prêtrise;  
Pour la gloire de Dieu, la Patrie et l'Eglise!  
Comme un autre Alexis il cacha ses vertus.

"La charité pour tous!" telle fut sa devise:  
Chargé de fruits divins son nom, quoi qu'il en dise,  
Fleurira parmi nous quand il n'y sera plus!

S. FITTE.

#### William Hogarth.

Although England had long loved art intelligently, and her noblemen and gentlemen, from the Earl of Arundel downwards, had been its munificent patrons, and her private galleries filled with *chef-d'œuvres*, yet it was not until the latter part of the seventeenth century that she produced a painter whose individuality was such that foreign art could not pretend in anything, save technicalities, to have inspired a stroke of his pencil.

This painter was William Hogarth, who was

born in London in 1697. His father had been a schoolmaster, but had given up that calling and settled in London, where he became a printer's reader. As the father was not a man of means, young Hogarth began his career in the humblest walk of his profession. "He was bound," says Mr. Walpole, "to a mean engraver of arms on plate. Hogarth probably chose this occupation as it required some skill in drawing, to which his genius was particularly turned, and which he contrived assiduously to cultivate. His master, it appears, was Mr. Ellis Gamble, a silversmith of eminence, who resided in Cranbourne Street, Leicester Fields. In this profession it is not unusual to bind apprentices to the single branch of engraving arms and ciphers on every species of metal, and in that department of the business young Hogarth was placed; but before his time was expired he felt the impulse of genius, and that it directed him to painting." At the age of twenty-one, his apprenticeship having expired, he renounced silver engraving for copper engraving, and began working for the booksellers. The first of his known engravings were some illustrations for "Hudibras," which he executed when he was in his twenty-ninth year. Finding the engraving business unremunerative he gave it up, and having studied in Sir James Thornhill's Academy, he became a portrait painter, and made great progress as an artist.

When in his thirtieth year, he married the only daughter of Sir James Thornhill. This marriage was a stolen one, and consequently did not meet with the approbation of the lady's father. However, seeing that Hogarth was possessed of genius, the father and son-in-law became in time reconciled. In the course of a few years, our artist stood at the head of his profession, and within the ten years following his marriage he produced his series of moral and satirical pictures. But if Hogarth was successful as a painter, he had the mortification of knowing that his works were only partly appreciated by his contemporaries. His six pictures, known as "Marriage à la Mode," were sold at an auction in 1750, for the sum of one hundred and ten guineas, while the frames alone had cost the artist at least twenty-four.

Hogarth left England but once in his life, making a short trip to France, which he commemorated with his strong English prejudice by his picture of the Calais Gate. In his fifty-sixth year he published a volume entitled "The Analysis of Beauty." Four years afterwards the honor was conferred on him of sergeant-painter to the king. He died in October 1764,

and was buried in the churchyard of Chiswick.

The author of "Modern Painters and their Paintings" says: "William Hogarth was honest and frank, blunt, yet benevolent. Certainly you know his portrait, or engravings from it, in which everything is English down to his dog Trump, whose likeness is taken along with his master's. I have heard it said that the picture was characteristic in more ways than one, for there was much of the pug and bull-dog in William Hogarth's disposition; but whether Trump was a bull-dog or no, it was rather the English mastiff which was typical of Hogarth. In his picture he sits in his plain English coat, vest, cravat and furred cap. It is the most unsophisticated painting costume in the world, and it suits perfectly a man whose broad face—with its clumsy features unshaded by a particle of hair—is not in the least handsome or graceful, but is wholesome and pleasant in its perfect manliness and openness and in the abundant evidence of brains in the prominent forehead." Mr. Redgrave, in his "Century of Painters," mentions a deep scar on Hogarth's forehead, faithfully rendered, as Oliver Cromwell desired his warts to be reproduced. There is no ostentation of simplicity in ignoring his position and profession, for his palette, with the "curved line of beauty"—which he afterwards explained and insisted upon—drawn on it, and several books, volumes of Swift, Hogarth's favorite author, keep Trump in countenance in bearing Hogarth company.

As a moralist and satirist of work-a-day humanity among painters, Hogarth has never been surpassed or even equalled. His power of observation was immense, and his faculty of rendering what he observed was equal to the power. His satire is more direct than subtle, and perhaps for that very reason he comes down as with the blow of a sledge-hammer on vice and folly. He never flinched, nor faltered, nor screened guilt in high places; he was even careless of giving offence or forfeiting favor. Never blame Hogarth, because the vice and the folly of his day were very gross and shameful. He saw what was there to be seen, and it was his part to scourge it, which he did so effectually that the best men of that and of succeeding generations have thanked William Hogarth for the service that he did to truth and righteousness.

It has been objected to Hogarth that, with all his marvellous gifts of perception and execution, he was deficient in a correct idea of color and even in a true sense of beauty; and that with regard to the latter, there is not a beautiful face

to be seen in all the crowded dramatic scenes which he painted. I believe that if his coloring is not always just, he has shown instances of an excellent judgment in color, and that, while it was not his calling to illustrate beauty as such, he has here and there—as in the face and figure of the miserable wife when she is informed of the tragical death of her husband in "Marriage à la Mode," and in the person of the innocent wife of the "Distressed Poet"—afforded ample proof that he was not without a fine feeling for beauty.

Charles Lamb, the inimitable illustrator of Hogarth and his pictorial style, thus does justice to his powers as an artist: "Here is plenty of poverty and low stuff to disgust upon a superficial view; and, accordingly, a cold spectator feels himself immediately disgusted and repelled. I have seen many turn away from it, not being able to bear it. The same persons would perhaps have looked with great complacency upon Poussin's celebrated picture of the Plague at Athens. Disease and death, and bewildering terror, in Athenian garments, are endurable, and come, as the delicate critics express it, 'within the limits of pleasurable sensation'; but the scenes of their own St. Giles, delineated by their own countryman, are too shocking to think of. Yet if we could abstract our minds from the fascinating colors of the picture, and forget the coarse execution (in some respects) of the print, intended as it was to be a cheap plate accessible to the poorer sort of people, for whose instruction it was done, I think we could have no hesitation in conferring the palm of superior genius upon Hogarth, comparing this work of his with Poussin's picture. There is more of imagination in it—that power which draws all things to one, which makes things, animate and inanimate, beings with their attributes, subjects and their accessories, take one color, and serve one effect. Everything in the print—to use a vulgar expression—tells; every part is full of 'strange images of death.' It is perfectly amazing and astounding to look at. Not only the two prominent figures, the woman and the half-dead man, which are as terrible as anything which Michael Angelo ever drew, but everything else in the print contributes to bewilder and stupefy; the very houses—as I heard a friend of mine express it—tumbling all about in various directions, seem drunk, absolutely reeling from the effect of that diabolical spirit of phrenzy which goes forth over the whole composition. To show the poetical and almost prophetic conception of the artist, one little circumstance may serve.

Not content with the dying and dead figures which he has strewn in profusion over the proper scene of the action, he shows one what (of a kindred nature) is passing beyond it. Close by the shell in which, by the direction of the parish beadle, a man is depositing his wife, in an old wall, which, partaking of the universal decay around it, is tumbling to pieces. Through a gap in this wall are seen three figures, which appear to form a part in some funeral procession which is passing by on the other side of the wall, out of the sphere of the composition. This extending of the interest beyond the bounds of the subject could only have been conceived by a great genius."

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**Ad Multos Annos.**

Te læti juvenes, Pastor venerande, salutant:  
 Jam radians auro rutilat alma dies.  
 Quum primum Missam licuit celebrare sacerdos,  
 Te meminisse juvat, nos memorare libet.  
 Gallia quem genuit, puerumque Ecclesia rite  
 Formarat, floret Pastor in orbe novo.  
 O mirum! Domini quoties ascendis ad aram,  
 Festinat verbo Christus adesse tuo.  
 Quid? Nostræ Dominæ paulatim ingentia surgunt  
 Templâ: Sacri Cordis pignora digna manent.  
 Quid? Blanda juvenum mentes ac pectora voce  
 Allicit, et lacrimis saxea corda terit.  
 Doctrina clarus loquitur majorve silenter  
 Multa agit orando, multa precando Deum.  
 Vir bonus, et sapiens Doctor nimiumque modestus  
 Natorum æterno vivet amore pius.

J. JUST.

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**Crystallography.**

Turn not thine eye, admirer of Nature, towards the largest and bulkiest shapes, if thou wouldst view the more beautiful, the more perfect, and the more wonderful of her admirable works. Disdain not to stoop to the lowest forms of creation in thy research, for in Nature is there nothing either mean or low. In the smallest and apparently humblest forms do the most beautiful objects or beings frequently appear; and, in truth, Nature is never more complete nor more wonderful than when apparently she is least so. Why should it be true that the diminutive flower, the tiny insect, or the little stone—the costly gem, as found in the rocks—seems but a rude bit of worthless stone, is less interesting than the lofty monarch of the forest, the gigantic mammal, or the massive mountain rocks? Because, forsooth, its structure is not so evident. Because it appears not pleasing to the

untrained eye; because its beauty may in part or wholly be hidden, and therefore is not apparent to the first superficial glance, it is passed over as unworthy of notice. Yet lost in admiration and astonishment are we on beholding under far different circumstances the self-same objects. Unbounded is our admiration when, by the aid of the microscope, we contemplate the wonders of the diminutive world, or as beneath the grinders wheel or diamond-armed saw the precious gem is fashioned into the brilliant or other formed jewel, we behold unfolding to the gaze of the general eye its beauties and perfections. Yet what a sacrifice of magnificence to mere ornamental brilliancy is there in the latter case! One-third of the precious stone is filed away, its natural beauty of form and structure made to give way to artificial design, and this merely for the purpose of gratifying the whims of poor, vain, foolish man!

Where is artificial beauty found to equal the beauty of Nature? Descend into the domain of the mineral world, and wander among the wonders of the winding caverns and caves of the earth if thou wouldst view forms of transcendent loveliness. There, in regions the light of day has never illumined, are found forms by the brightness, richness and brilliancy of which we are dazzled; forms so perfect that never has it entered the mind of man to conceive anything so admirable. And these are but the result of a law instituted by the Divine Author of all things—the law of crystallization. Crystallography, the science which treats of crystallization, or solidification (they are the same), deals not with pebbles of pretty shapes and tints, but with objects modelled by a Divine hand,—the study of which brings to the mind new revelations of His wisdom; tiny shapes by which one mineral is distinguished from another. For true it is that each mineral has its characteristic crystal, of which whatever may be the size of face and form, whatever the variations and distortions, the corresponding angles of inclination and the form of the faces are essentially the same. Of the crystallization of all substances in nature, not organized by vitality and having a homogeneous structure, does this science treat in its connection with mineralogy, which, thus viewed, becomes a branch of knowledge perfect in itself and surprisingly beautiful in its exhibitions of truth.

All the various forms of crystal which are presented to view in the structure of the almost innumerable varieties of minerals found in Nature are simply modifications of a few fundamental forms which are indicated by the *cleavage*,



or that peculiarity of internal structure, by which a mineral, if examined with care, will be found to break in certain directions with a smooth surface showing a lustre glass-like, though somewhat pearly.

This cleavage is uniform in all varieties of the same mineral, occurring parallel to the faces of a fundamental form or along the diagonals, is always the *same* in character, parallel to *similar* faces of a crystal, is obtained with equal ease, affords planes of like lustre; and, conversely, it is *dissimilar*, parallel to *dissimilar* faces or planes.

Thus, as science gradually advanced to the almost perfect state of to-day, each day it unfolded new wonders to the admiring eyes of man. With its dazzling light it illuminated the gloomiest paths and scenes, and fringed with a bright coronet of golden splendor even the darkest clouds that strayed over the way of truth. No longer is the mineral world a mere confused mass of materials which defies the efforts of man to study and classify. Now he can trace the principles or laws established by the Creator even throughout inanimate Nature, which thus give it an organization simple, yet no less perfect than that characterizing the higher beings. Now can the student of mineralogy find abundant pleasure in examining the forms and varieties of structure which minerals assume; and with as much care as the botanist distinguishes the gems and species of a plant from the arrangement of its leaves, stalks, ovaries, pistils, stamens, sepals, and petals, does he distinguish one mineral from another by the form and variety of its crystal.

The thirteen fundamental forms of crystals are classified in six systems of crystallization, according to the relations the axes bear one to the other. In the first, or *monometric* (from the Greek *monos*, one, and *metron*, measure), which contains three forms, the three axes are of equal length; in the second, or *dimetric* (from *dis*, two times and *metron*), the vertical axis is unequal to the other two; in the third, or *trimetric* (from *tris* three times and *metron*), the three axes are unequal; while in the fourth, or *monoclinic* system (from *monos*, one and *klino*, to incline), one axis is inclined to the other two, which are at right angles; and in the fifth, or *triclinic* (from *tris* and *klino*), the three axes are inclined to one another. The sixth or hexagonal system includes the rhombohedron and hexagonal prism. Of these systems the first contains three forms, cube, regular octahedron and rhombic dodecahedron; the second two, the right square prism and square octahedron; the third three, the octangular prism, rhombic prism and rhombic octahedron;

the fourth two, the right rhomboidal prism and the oblique rhombic prism; and the fifth includes but one, the oblique rhomboidal prism.

These, the fundamental forms, are not *always* those in which the mineral, precious gem or beautifully crystallized rock is found in Nature. Were such the case, comparatively little would be that variety and beauty which is found everywhere in Nature's broad domain, and certainly in no less a degree in the mineral than in the vegetable and animal kingdoms. Was it not from Nature man first learned to heighten the brilliancy and beauty of the gem by covering its surface with tiny exquisitely formed facets? Yet it is said that these artificial imitations of Nature are but feeble. Yea, feeble! The skill and finish of the workmanship, most perfect in the microscopic crystal,—which to the un instructed eye appears as if it had been cut and polished by the lapidary, so beautiful does it appear with its almost innumerable brilliant surfaces—bears a similar relation to that of the imitation in art that the grandeur of the lofty mountains all gilded in glowing splendor by the rays of the setting sun and crowned by a chaplet of fleecy, golden-tinged clouds, does to the same viewed by the pale silvery light of the midnight moon.

Often does it happen that these crystals are found with hundreds of bright distinct planes, every edge and angle of which has the utmost perfection, and the surfaces and evenness of polish in which, with even the highest magnifying microscope, man can find no trace of rude workmanship.

Why should not our souls, filled with gratitude and love, inspire us with a feeling of awe and veneration as thus we contemplate the wonderful handiwork of an all-wise Creator, so perfect in even the smallest forms of created matter? In the clear transparency of these beautiful crystals, these gems of Nature, do we see engraved aught pertaining to irreligion? Never! We behold in the limpid substance what has ever been and shall ever be there enshrined—the sweet, the holy name of the Creator. Scarcely can it be admitted that the powers of crystallization yield to vitality in the various forms of beauty which they produce. What can be more beautiful than those cavities often met with in the rocks, adorned on each side with sparkling crystals—crystal grottos, such as in fairy tales are represented the grand saloons of their fairy majesties! In the apparent confusion presented therein, wonderful is the order of arrangement; each corresponding plane of the innumerable crystals facing the same way, so that in succes-

sive flashes, as each new set of facets comes to the light, the brilliantly sparkling effect is produced, which glows with all the delicate colors and hues of the solar spectrum.

Though wonderful are these results, no less so is the simplicity of the laws of which they are the effects. All this variety and wonderful display is caused by what are called *secondary* forms of crystals, which proceed from the occurrence of planes with angles or edges of the fundamental forms. These planes are called *secondary* planes. When an edge or angle is cut off by one or more secondary planes it is said to be *replaced*; and when one of these planes is equally inclined to the adjacent faces, the edge or angle is said to be *truncated*; when replaced by two planes respectively inclined at equal angles to the adjacent faces, the edge is *bevelled*.

Crystals of the same form often vary much as to length and size of corresponding faces; yet notwithstanding all such variations, every angle of inclination remains the same, and this constancy shows that the fundamental form, the form of its molecule, is constant; and is it not a proof of that wondrous harmony existing throughout all Nature itself, but a faint reflection of the Intelligence who created it? Yet, despite this, it seems that some would maintain that the study of these works is but an efficient guide to infidelity, as are all the Natural Sciences. Monstrous conception of a narrow, yet malicious mind! 'Tis scarcely worth the trouble and time required for a mere passing glance.

We will conclude by remarking how well did the poet express, in the words of his Peri, the incessant exclamation of the voice of Nature prophesying that future life:

"Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,  
And multiply each through endless years,  
One minute of Heaven is worth them all!"

N. S. M.

#### Father Granger's Golden Jubilee.

[The Golden Jubilee of Rev. Father Granger, C. S. C., which occurred Dec. 19, passed off very quietly, in accordance with the wishes of the venerable Father. The Minims of St. Edward's Hall, however, were favored with the privilege of giving formal expression to their good wishes and congratulations on the happy occasion. And so, on the morning of the 19th, Father Granger celebrated his Jubilee Mass in the Chapel of St. John and addressed the Minims a few words of instruction which the solemn occasion made all the more touching. In the afternoon they waited on Father Granger in the presbytery, and, represented by Master James O'Neill, delivered the following beautiful address. Father Granger responded with deep emotion. Very Rev. Father

General, Rev. President Walsh and Prof. Egan were present, and also spoke, congratulating the venerable Father on the blessed results of his fifty golden years of ordination. Though the celebration of this great event was so quiet, yet we may say that in it were concentrated the good wishes and sincere congratulations of all the students and of the hosts of warm friends of Father Granger:]

Fifty golden years of service,  
Fifty sacred priestly years;  
Dipped in chalice of affection  
Cleansed and sanctified in tears!

This the record time has written  
On eternity's bright scroll;  
Sacrificial have those years been,  
Yea, in mind and heart and soul.

Ah! what treasures have you garnered  
In those years of toil and strife,  
And how beautiful the guerdon  
To be yours at close of life!

E'en the angels are rejoicing  
At the foot of Jesus' throne,  
For the honor of their Master  
Is to them their very own.

They are weaving garlands golden,  
Formed of fervent, grateful prayer,  
And they sing in jubilation  
On this day so bright and fair.

And must we, your loving children,  
In their gladness have no part?  
Must we keep our hopes and wishes  
Hidden deep within our heart?

Shall the "princes" cease to cherish  
Thoughts of your devoted zeal  
For dear Father General's welfare,  
Both in sorrow and in weal?

Ah! our Father, you have ever  
Been his friend, his brother dear;  
May you be in coming decades  
To his heart forever near!

And to us, your loving Minims,  
Have you been indeed a friend,  
Guide and Father, and we hasten  
Prayers and wishes to extend.

Often have your words of counsel  
Banished sadness and dark sin;  
At your words our hearts have opened  
That sweet peace might enter in.

Do we thank you for these blessings?  
Yes, dear Father, from our heart;  
And the memory of your teachings  
Never from us shall depart.

May the precious chalice, Father,  
That you offer day by day,  
Pour its treasures on your spirit!  
Thus your loving "princes" pray.

Golden may your years of life be,  
Blessed with Mary's tender love!  
Golden may your crown be, Father,  
In the realms of bliss above!

# NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC.

Published every Saturday during Term Time at N. D. University.

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Notre Dame, Ind

Notre Dame, January 10, 1891.

The attention of the Alumni of the University of Notre Dame, and others, is called to the fact that the NOTRE DAME SCHOLASTIC has now entered upon the TWENTY-FOURTH year of its existence, and presents itself anew as a candidate for the favor and support of the many old friends who have heretofore lent it a helping hand.

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## Want Develops Strength.

Many persons are under the impression that it is impossible to become successful in life without wealth, influence and friends. That these are great aids cannot be doubted, but it is not impossible to get along without them. No matter how destitute a man may be, if he has the determination he must succeed; and it is this very want that will develop his strength.

Did everything happen just as we desired, there would be no need of exertion on our part; but, fortunately, society is so constituted that if a man desires any position he must use his faculties to attain it. It is this very want that compels us to exert ourselves; and the greater the want, the harder we must work to supply it. Want is the parent of all inventions. The compass was not required until navigators were compelled to cross unknown seas; railroads were not built until a new country was to be settled; telegraphing was not thought of until the people desired a quicker method of communicating their thoughts. We may suppose that many things will be accomplished in the future that the present age does not dream of, because we do not require them. Could we return to the world in a few hundred years from now, we would be astonished at the many new inventions, and doubtless our pride would be shocked to hear the people of our day called "old fogies."

If we glance at the lives of men who have become eminent we will be surprised to learn how little they are indebted to wealth or influence for their positions. We need not pass out of our own country for examples of men whom

want compelled to use all their efforts to attain an honorable position in society. General Andrew Jackson, who had no superior as an honest patriot and man, is an example of what patience and perseverance will accomplish in spite of all obstacles that may be cast in one's path. Benjamin Franklin's life proves of what little use wealth and friends are in ascending the ladder of fame. The biography of Patrick Henry, and of Elihu Burritt, the learned blacksmith, and many others, will teach us that by earnest and well-directed efforts we can make up in a great measure for lost time, or at least that there is no excuse for giving up in despair.

We should not look upon disappointments as evils; they are, in fact, spurs to urge us on to redoubled energy. We would be ignorant of our strength were we never compelled to battle against an adversary. How many heroes are there who would be unknown were it not that they were compelled to fight against obstacles, and all their glory consists in their victory!

Strange as it may appear, adversity is a positive blessing to many. It makes them look with charity upon the faults and follies of others; it removes the charity of many persons from the head to the heart. Having suffered ourselves we can sympathize with others, and thus the bond of fellowship becomes stronger. What compels us to labor for our support but want? and this labor develops the body, promotes health, and at the same time prevents us from indulging to excess in pleasure.

Here at college, while we pursue our studies, we should endeavor to imbibe the same spirit which animated our forefathers. It is while young that those principles should be acquired which make the good citizen, and we should endeavor to learn truly all that is necessary in order that we may not only acquire a name in the history of our country, but what is far better, make our influence felt as intelligent and useful citizens of the Republic.

B.

## Blaine as a Statesman.

Some men are born great; others deserve greatness; while others, by their own native energies, sterling qualities and integrity, achieve it. James G. Blaine, familiarly styled the "Plumed Knight," belongs to the last class.

Year by year we see the guiding arm of our peerless Government extend itself; year by year we see the elect of the nation in eloquent silence taking their places in the American



Pantheon, bringing within its precincts the wealth of those immortal memories which made their lives illustrious; and year by year that august assembly is teaching more inspiring and grander lessons to the nation and to those who are to succeed them. Foremost in that body of honored men stands James G. Blaine. He has inherited political and economic principles which are deepening and spreading themselves by his, and the nation's convictions as they grow older. He has been from the very outset a recognized power in the political field. His deep philosophy of optimism, his searching study into the working of political forces, and his fluency of speech, have all combined to make him a leader of public thought and expression. Well educated, thrifty, thoroughly abreast of the times, and with a quick discernment of the needs of the country, he has attained an enviable position. His speeches, whether in the Legislative Chambers or for campaign purposes, are always prepared with great care and deliberation. He is very minute in his attention to details. We find in them all the qualities that go to make up a great statesman. In their logical construction is displayed an innate perception of political conduct, wit and sarcasm, picturesque and eloquent.

There is no test of a man's ability and integrity in any department of public life more severe or trying than service at the National Capitol. In Congress there is no deference paid to a man's reputation previously earned, or to high positions won without; but little consideration is shown to the personal feelings of the newly-elected member. Whatever a man gains in Congress he obtains by virtue of his own abilities and his own character, and if he cannot keep apace with his fellow-laborers, he falls into obscurity. Within the halls of Congress is a large field for a man to exercise his energies, and where the stronger in intellectual attainments is the recognized ruler. There no petty pretense can deceive nor partisan glamour mislead; there the man in his true worth is discovered; his actions are watched and scrutinized by the whole nation, and his status established throughout the land.

Blaine's career as a legislator has, thus far, been a succession of triumphs and advancement. He has stepped to the front with that confidence which belongs to a genius, so that now, after the long experience he has had, he enjoys the proud distinction of being the leading statesman of this great and glorious land of freedom—the Republic of the West.

M.

### The Immortality of Poetry.

There is something so inexpressibly striking in that mystic power which verse possesses of perpetuating the memories of the heroes and events which it describes that we almost involuntarily examine verse in all respects with a view to discover, if possible, the cause of this power. Although it is now three thousand years since the bard of Chios poured forth his divine strains, his heroes and their deeds are more generally known than ever before, and the lapse of ages has been unable to weaken the awe and admiration which will be ever attendant upon their perusal. Great men have ever expressed in glowing terms the enthusiasm with which they were filled when reading the lines of Homer. Perhaps mythology, as the ancients had it, had never furnished them with the emblems of all that was grand and beautiful in superior beings, but for Homer. Mythology has thus furnished models for the schools of fine arts which are of inestimable advantage to the human race in refining it and infusing into it a taste for the beautiful.

This perpetuating power is greater than we would conclude at first sight. In vain do we look among the great prose writers of antiquity for this power in a degree equally comparable to that of verse. But the prose productions of the greatest prose writers—men of grand genius—are deficient in this regard, and are never marked by this power in that state of development which characterizes poetry. Man is so constituted by nature that he appreciates harmonious arrangement wherever he finds it. Naturally, therefore, his mind will retain an impression received under the form of poetry, and this it is in poetry which fascinates the mind of man and fills his memory with lasting impressions. Homer gave mythology to the ancients, and we may suppose as not unlikely that had the Iliad never been written the great heroes of heathen mythology had lain in obscurity and the ancients would never have selected them for the embodiment of their ideas of divinity. The heroes of Troy had sunk into oblivion had they not been "reflected in the waters of song." Had the details of the Trojan war been written in prose, time would have obscured them.

The same power has attended the immortal outbursting of the muse of Mantua. Even among our own English poets in innumerable instances we must recognize this power. Many men whose names we had never known but for their place in poetry would never meet the notice

of later times, but would have been forgotten.

In the writings of Virgil and Horace many prominent men of their times have received mention, and have thus had their names perpetuated. Perhaps we had never known Mæcenas, the great patron of literature, had not Horace perpetuated his name in his verses, which breathe that tender affection which exists between intimate friends.

It is wonderful how verse spreads so indescribable a charm over the events it commemorates—clothing them in immortality. Speaking of this power of perpetuation in verse we by no means assert that whatever is written in prose falls into oblivion immediately after it has been written—we have prose writings which have outlived many centuries—but when we examine verse and prose, this power of perpetuation is so preponderating in verse that prose is incomparable to it in this regard. We have made especial mention of Homer because his sublime work demonstrates the existence of this hidden power in verse. The poets of every age have wielded this power in undisputed sway, rescuing many events and men from "the waves of forgotten time."

#### Elocution.

It has been said that a poet is born, not made. The remark is equally true of the orator. The great poet is partly an orator; the great orator, partly a poet. Each must possess a vivid imagination, that picture-painter of the soul, and a nimble fancy to outline the form and movement of the picture. Each must be endowed with the creative faculty, that mental chemist which produces marvellous results from the novel combination of ancient elements. Each must be gifted with a strong understanding capable of tracing moral, intellectual and even physical phenomena to causes far beyond the ken of ordinary intelligence.

Brutus' speech in Shakspeare is the most perfect oration ever delivered. Burke's description of Marie Antoinette is poetry as noble as ever swelled in the soul of the Chian bard or breathed from the melodious lyre of Mantua.

Yet oratory requires much greater qualities than poetry. The poet may spend his whole life in an ideal world and never emerge from its unreal seclusion. He may climb the magic mountains of Dreamland and watch gorgeous sunsets which light up with varied hues the placid seas; pluck flowers that wave down vistas of charming loveliness; creep to the edge

of frowning, precipitous crags, and look down upon vales half hidden in the silvery mists of entrancing Elfland; raise his eyes to skies and constellations never seen by natural vision; clothe Beauty with a heavenly brightness, and call to mirage life forms which have no existence in heaven, on earth or in hell. He may paint a panorama or a miniature, an epic or a sonnet, but he must enwrap his creations in the Ideal. A poet is the creator of an unsubstantial world.

The orator, besides possessing a large share of the poetic faculty, must, above all, be practical. His object should be, not to please the fancy with pretty figures, but to enlighten the understanding with truth and a conviction of right. No man can pretend to oratory without possessing true common sense. In fact, oratory itself may be called inspired common sense. A profound acquaintance with the workings of the human heart, the springs of human action, the lights and shadows of the soul and the mysterious play of the passions, in connection with the march of human events, must characterize the orator. With intuitive power, he must be able to analyze the various causes of things, and throw light upon the sublime unity of history, which shows us man struggling, rebellious and proud, yet never able to force the majestic current of events aside from the providential plan. The great orator must consider man and his acts as a vast synthesis of God, whose will or permission limits all within impassible bounds, and whose vindication awaits the great day of common reckoning.

No orator can be great who has not faith, for great thoughts are born of looking at history and individuals from the providential point of view. Genius grows sterile and barren if it does not believe. Atheism never produced an orator or poet. It has given us lofty figures, but they are skeletons. Faith alone could clothe them with flesh, breathe life into them, and paint the face with beauty all divine. Compare the heathen Homer who wrote or sang in the dawn of civilization with Voltaire, the atheist, in the noonday blaze of enlightenment. Homer believed, and his song is immortal; Voltaire disbelieved, and his *Henriad* is one of the curiosities of human vanity, laughed at and contemned.

The man who wishes to move and convince his hearers must be moved and convinced himself. He must be thoroughly in earnest. If you wish to convince the human intelligence and move the heart, be in earnest. Without this the greatest qualities will be utterly useless.

G.

## Books and Periodicals.

—"Hood's Calendar" for 1891 is out, and it is certainly a beautiful production of the lithographers' and printers' arts. The subject represents three children playing musical instruments, and the positions, expressions, coloring and general finish make a most charming picture.

—*Donahue's Monthly Magazine* for January is particularly interesting. Peter McCorry, the veteran journalist, gives his "Revisiting Ireland." At this time these letters are particularly interesting. "Freemasonry," by Mr. Richards, gives an account of the operations of this order at home and abroad; the "Sayings of Cardinal Newman" are continued; "Irish Fisheries" comprise the XIth chapter of the "Glimpses of Irish Industries"; brave Father Jackson tells of his Adventures in Borneo; "Irish Frieze" gives an interesting account of the Introduction of this very useful article into Ireland; "A Tale of the Great Famine"; "Kildoon," is the beginning of a new story by the author of "Bonnie Dunraven"; Father Conaty's "Thanksgiving Address" is given in full. The Juvenile Department is, as usual, interesting to the young.

—The first instalment of the delayed "Talleyrand Memoirs" appears in the January number of the *Century*. This same magazine was the first to print, before its appearance in France, the life and literary remains of the great French artist, Jean François Millet, and now *The Century* brings to light, before they appear in any other country, the long hidden memoirs of the most famous of French diplomatists. The first article is preceded by what is said to be a brilliant pen-portrait of Talleyrand, by Minister Whitelaw Reid, who has made the selections from the most interesting chapters of the first volume. The selection from "The Memoirs of Talleyrand," which appear in the January *Century*, contain a sketch of the author's strange and lonely childhood, an account of his entry into Parisian society, his estimate of La Fayette, some account of the beginnings of the French Revolution, a striking passage concerning the Duke of Orleans, an account of Talleyrand's residence in England and America, and of a most interesting conversation between Talleyrand and Hamilton on the subject of Free Trade and Protection.

—In the January *St. Nicholas*—the second of the holiday numbers of this magazine—Charles Dudley Warner calls up the thousands of its readers to hear "A Talk about Reading," which is delivered with all the earnestness of a true humorist when talking of graver matters. The Pratt Institute, Brooklyn's "Great Industrial School," is fully described by a well-informed writer, and explained by the artistic illustrations of Mr. Wiles, and the young people will marvel at this wonderful school wherein are taught all things teachable, from high art to dusting a room. One of the pleasant surprises which the Editor of *St. Nicholas* is fond of offering to sub-

scribers is an unannounced little fanciful serial, "Elfie's Visit to Cloudland," by Frances V. Austen, with just the sort of pictures that children like, and plenty of them, too. What could be more delightful, for instance, than Elfie and E-ma-ji-na-shun seated before the enormous dining-table in "Elfie's Castle"?—or the quaintly kind figure of old E-ma-ji-na-shun himself, as he steps from the fireplace with his courtly bow?

## Prof. Egan's New Book.

Maurice Francis Egan's genius never shone to better advantage than in the extremely bright, clever and interesting novel which he has just published. As a study of a certain phase of metropolitan existence, "The Disappearance of John Longworthy" is truly fascinating. The plot itself is simple and obvious. Mr. Longworthy, a philanthropic gentleman, concerned for the welfare of the poor, suddenly disappears under circumstances strongly suggestive of a murder, but really brought about in order that under an assumed name he may more closely study the conditions of the so-called "humbler classes." His experiences, his courtship, his marriage and his final satisfaction give Mr. Egan a chance to describe social conditions in the tenement region of New York in a way both highly entertaining and instructive.

The book has much of the vivid fancy, sparkling narrative and graceful turn of expression found in such finished novelists as Gerald Griffin and the younger Disraeli. The knowledge which Mr. Egan displays of the methods, manners, and ideals of the characters he depicts is delightfully accurate and most deliciously amusing. The novel is distinctly genuine and witty. Like Rudyard Kipling, Mr. Egan gives us real people; and, unlike Mr. Howells, he does not bore us in the process.

Sidney Smith once said that he never read a book he intended to review, for fear he might become prejudiced one way or the other; but, after reading Mr. Egan's book we cheerfully confess to a very strong and enthusiastic feeling in its favor. The interest of the opening chapter is not only sustained but increased throughout the book, and the reader lays it down with the regret that the story is not longer. Epigram, proverbs, humor, bits of quaint philosophy and roguish side-hits scintillate and sparkle in a way that is simply charming. "John Longworthy" cannot fail to be a great success. It is also notable as showing more than any other of Mr. Egan's writings the quality of literary strength. It has a grasp and yet a playfulness of touch which remind one irresistibly of Dickens. In short, Mr. Egan is at his best. We congratulate the Rev. Daniel E. Hudson, C. S. C., of the *Ave Maria*, on being the recipient of the dedication, for his name attached to so brilliant a production both receives and confers literary honor and prestige.—*Union and Times*.

## Local Items.

- Welcome back!
- Vacation is over.
- Have you heard the latest?
- Classes began last Saturday.
- Where has the snow gone to?
- Did you see the dead bodies?
- Who says "Get thar plasters?"
- "Town lots" for sale by asking.
- Scalpa-scalpa-whoop! py! hye!
- What did you get for Christmas?
- The "old boys" are coming in slowly.
- What time did you get up this morning?
- Some excellent skating is being enjoyed by the boys.
- A great many new students are beginning this session.
- The Astronomers are progressing—in skating; they see stars.
- Did you see the new picture, "Jacko and Me?" It is life-like.
- How do you like the new idea of having short and long sessions?
- Our genial Colonel attended a "Ghost Dance" in evening dress.
- Have you played "Tiddledy Winks" or "Beggar your Neighbor?"
- The study-halls were fixed up during vacation and the seats were all varnished.
- The pull for Honors and Degrees now begins. Who is going to be the best man?
- Skating is "all the go" now; the ice is in fine condition, and the boys find plenty of use for it.
- The ice cutters will soon begin work. Prospects are bright for a rich and abundant ice harvest.
- Forty-two Juniors remained during the Christmas holidays and made the vacation pass pleasantly.
- In the report of the "Averages" Mr. W. O'Brien, of Sorin Hall, should have been credited with an average of 86.
- The "princes" return Very Rev. Father General their sincere thanks for the Epiphany cake he sent them on the 6th.
- He said that the lower lake was not safe. We took him at his word—at least those of us who were present at the time.
- By mistake the names of Harry Myers and Egbert Coon were omitted from the Minim "Roll of Honor" for December.
- Rev. D. J. Spillard, C. S. C., '64, has been appointed Rector of St. Patrick's Church, South Bend, *vice* Rev. D. J. Hagerty, who has resigned on account of ill health.
- A large number of Sorins and Brownsonites attended "Davy Crockett" at Good's Opera House in South Bend, and afterwards enjoyed

a bountiful "spread." They return sincere thanks to Bro. Paul.

—The Rev. R. Maher, C. S. C., Rector of St. Joseph's Church, Richwood, Wis., delighted his many friends at Notre Dame by a very pleasant visit during the week.

—Prof. M. F. Egan spent the Christmas holidays in New York City, and at the same time assumed for two weeks the editorial management of our esteemed contemporary, the *Buffalo Union and Times*.

—The Band has reorganized for the second session and will hold its first rehearsal to-morrow morning. On Christmas morning the members discoursed most beautiful music in the rotunda of the College.

—Messrs. Hoover, Daniels, Berry, N. Sinnott and McKee attended an "at home" at Mrs. John Guthrie's during the holidays, and all report a very pleasant evening, and thank Mr. and Mrs. Guthrie for their kindness.

—One of our brightest and best exchanges, *The Owl*, showed commendable taste and enterprise in the preparation of its Christmas number. It appeared in a beautifully designed and richly ornamented cover, and abounded in choice illustrations and appropriate reading matter.

—Now that the Christmas holidays are among the things that were, Sundays will again witness the reunions of the religious societies; may these societies go on with renewed energy in their good work. During this session they will be placed under the direction of the Rev. Father Connor, C. S. C.

—The second session began on Saturday last, and the classes are now in good working order. There is a marked increase in the attendance, and everything indicates a bright and prosperous term. A little good will and energy on the part of the students will make the months glide pleasantly till all is made glorious by the sun of June.

—Small Junior, who has just succeeded in getting a block of wood out of the water by carefully stretching himself out on the thin ice until he could reach it, says: "I got it." Heavy Senior, who, in trying to get a board with which to reach the block, broke through the ice and got wet up to his knees: "Yes, I got it, too!"

—Very Rev. Father General made a delightful visit to St. Edward's Hall on Wednesday where he got a royal welcome from the "princes." He told them that he was very happy to see them again, and all looking so well. Noticing several new Minims, he renewed his promise to give them an *imperial dinner* as soon as the number reached one hundred and fifty.

—Rev. Patrick O'Connell who was ordained at Notre Dame during the last Ember days by Bishop Richter, of Grand Rapids, celebrated his first High Mass at the Academy of Our Lady of the Sacred Heart near Fort Wayne, Ind., on New Year's Day. Rev. J. M. Toohey, the parish priest of St. Vincent's, preached a most elo-

quent sermon, and in its course called the attention of Father O'Connell to the fact that his elevation to the priesthood would not lighten his burden. The *Record* extends congratulations to Father O'Connell and wishes him a long and useful life.—*New Record*.

—Saturday, Dec. 27, was a cold day. It had snowed the night previous, and during the whole of the next day the northeast wind found much sport in sweeping the snow across the fields and piling it in drifts by the road side. Nevertheless, thirty-three hardy Juniors found much amusement in "having a look at South Bend." Dinner was served at Nickle's at 1.30, and at four all started for Notre Dame. On the following Tuesday they went to the St. Joe Farm, and all report a most enjoyable time. The first Friday of the new year found them in Mishawaka. They made the most of their visit there as the day was a pleasant one. Bros. Albius and Hugh accompanied the boys on these visits, and by their efforts succeeded in making the trips as enjoyable as possible.

—The first number of *The Pilot* for 1891 is just issued. It contains portrait and biographical sketch of Patrick Donahoe, its founder, who has just resumed control of it. Able editorials on the present crisis in Irish affairs; Roman news of more than ordinary interest, and many valuable and opportune contributions. The departments and the special literary features, which have made *The Pilot* so prized as a family paper, as "Our Boys and Girls," "Correspondents' Column," etc., are up to their usual high standard. The paper has been enlarged so as to give about a page additional of reading matter; and, altogether, enters on its fifty-sixth year with all the advantages that a good editorial staff, a big and growing subscription list, and a field as wide as the country can give it.

—Bro. Lawrence, C. S. C., well known to the students of the past and former years, as the esteemed chief Prefect of Carroll Hall, is at present travelling along the Pacific Coast in the interests of the *Ave Maria*. Success, we are glad to say, is constantly rewarding his zeal and devotion. From a letter recently received from San Diego, Cal., we extract the following, which will be of general interest:

"I visited the Indian school conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph. They have over one hundred children whose expenses are defrayed by the Government. Although their quarters are not the best, yet everything is neat and clean. Miss Drexel, of Philadelphia, furnished the house with wire mattresses. Many of the children are quite proficient. I gave them a problem to work, promising to reward the first who got the answer. Many a 'prep' at Notre Dame might be quicker, but I fear those who failed would not take their disappointment so much to heart as these little red children of the forest. They have very beautiful and well-trained voices, and they sang two or three hymns in honor of Our Blessed Mother."

Since the foregoing was written, Bro. Lawrence has returned to Notre Dame and is now at his old post in Carroll Hall.

—A gentleman who during the past few years

has visited several colleges states that at none of them has he seen such a bountiful table spread for the students as at Notre Dame. Well, we have not heard many complaints on the score of board, but it is a well-known fact that people, young and old, are harder to please in this respect than in many others. It seems to do them an immense amount of good to grumble, whether they have reason for it or not; and when we hear young people speak of starvation fare at colleges at which they have been, we take it for granted that it is in great part only an indulgence in the old chronic pastime in which splenetic nature takes delight. However, as our visitor remarked, there is no stint of good, wholesome material for bone and sinew at Notre Dame. While the College Faculty give mental pabulum, the procurators are not idle. This is but right, however, and to the interest of both parties, since good, wholesome food, and plenty of it, is needed by young people, and especially by students.

—The "princes" of St. Edward's probably know something of "the dog that worried the cat that killed the rat," etc., in the celebrated "House that Jack built." When they become residents of Sorin Hall, they will be expected to give the narrative in something like the following:

"This is the agriculturist who placed in the alluvial deposit that grain which germinated, flourished, multiplied, and subsequently became the sustenance of the bold chanticleer that by his shrill vociferations, at early dawn, awoke from his slumbers that ecclesiastical gentleman whose cranium was devoid of its hirsute covering, who united in the bonds of matrimony that humble individual whose garments presented a disintegrated and unseemly appearance, who sipped the sweet honey from the lips of the young damsel of dejected mien, whose occupation consisted in extracting the nutritious lacteal beverage from the granivorous female of the bovine race that with her curvilinear and corrugated protuberances considerably elevated into atmospheric space the sagacious scion of the canine genus that disturbed the equanimity of the domesticated creature of the feline tribe that completely annihilated the obnoxious vermin that masticated the fermented grain which was deposited in the domiciliary edifice erected by John."

—Rev. President Walsh presented a delicious fruit cake to the Juniors as a Christmas present. The receiver of the cake was to be decided upon by lot, and all the Carrollites were eagerly waiting until the affair should take place. One evening after supper, when all had assembled in the reading-room, it was announced that everything was ready; forty-two slips of paper had been neatly folded up and put into a hat. On one of the slips was written: "You get the cake," while all the rest were blank. Each of the boys drew a slip and eagerly unfolded it to see if he were the lucky one. Several called out that they won the cake; but, of course, they were only joking. At last it was announced that Mr. Alfred Funke, of Denver, Colorado, was the winner. Through his unbounded generosity many of the boys enjoyed "a piece." The cake was richly ornamented, and was prized not only by the receiver, but by all in Carroll Hall. They



appreciated the favor conferred upon them by President Walsh, and thank him most sincerely. His frequent visits to their campus and reading-room helped to make their vacation pass most pleasantly.

—As may be already known to our readers, the Rev. Father Hagerty, owing to the enfeebled state of his health, has resigned the pastoral charge of St. Patrick's congregation. On Sunday, in addition to his farewell address, he gave a formal statement of the financial standing of the congregation, which was perfectly satisfactory and pleasing to all. And well it might be in view of the beautiful St. Patrick's Church, with the adjacent property, including the school house and the site for a new pastoral residence, which remain as the evidences of a happy and successful administration during the past ten years. Father Hagerty leaves deeply regretted, not only by the members of St. Patrick's parish, but by a host of friends whose sincere and best wishes are that he may meet with that speedy restoration to health which he seeks. As a man of ability and business capacity, Father Hagerty will rank with the best. His labors here have resulted in the building of one of the finest church edifices in the city, and he will resign his pastorate with a debt of less than 8 percent. of the valuation of the church property. The present fiscal year began with \$28.42 in the treasury, and closes with \$937.41 net to the credit of the cash account. The remarks that followed the reading of the report were received by the congregation with every manifestation of intense feeling; and when the Rev. Father uttered his farewell there was scarcely a dry eye in the house.—*South Bend Times*.

—After an absence of nearly two months attending to his duties as Indian commissioner, to which office he was appointed by President Harrison, Col. Hoynes has returned and will resume his duties as Professor of the Law department at Notre Dame University. As Col. Hoynes says to the students, he is back with a whole scalp and a clear conscience. When the Indian outbreak occurred there was some fear among Col. Hoynes' friends that he was in danger; not that he is rash. But his brilliant army record shows he does not know what fear is. His commission took him among the Turtle Mountain Indians of the Chippewa tribes, who are on the most friendly terms with the Government, although Col. Hoynes found they were not receiving their just dues. These tribes are in North Dakota, on their different reservations, and are about 250 miles east of where the Sioux are at present engaged in decimating the regular army.

Col. Hoynes' experience was interesting. At one time he had to ride for five days in an open lumber wagon, but the weather was pleasant. Neither rain nor snow fell while he was there, and at no time did the thermometer go below zero more than six degrees. He was the spokesman of the commission, and when about 2000

Indians gathered the first thing they wanted was a speech. Col. Hoynes spoke to them in the church of Father Malo, a priest who has lived among these Indians for years and whom they almost worship. Indeed, but for his efforts many of the Indians would have starved long ago. The Government issues rations once every so often for 300 Indians and this has to suffice for 2000. They possess very few arms for hunting, and through the winter actually suffer from hunger and cold. Every winter they are forced to leave their reservations and go into the woods where it is warmer and live in tepees. The first council was held on the 5th of December, as stated, in Father Malo's church. Col. Hoynes addressed the assemblage for an hour and a half; but as each sentence uttered had to be translated immediately by an interpreter, the speech really lasted for three hours. He explained to them fully his mission, which was to consolidate the different tribes on some one of their reservations, throw the others open for settlement, and from the proceeds of sale have a fund for their maintenance. He was there only to get their views which he would communicate to the Great Father at Washington. Speeches were made by Little Shell, Red Bear, Yellow Bird, Lo Man and Off-of-the-Pipe, from which Col. Hoynes learned that these Indians claimed 10,000 acres of land, but had been crowded out until they now occupied about two townships. They were sure the crop failures of the last three years showed that the Great Spirit was angry with the settlers for robbing them of their land.

Col. Hoynes assured the Indians the title to all their lands was good against any squatters or settlers, and that they would receive full value for it. He won their confidence completely by his "talks," as they called his speeches at the four different councils, and they pressed him to remain longer among them. While on the reservation he had to follow custom and feed the Indians, they commanding themselves his guests; issuing beef, flour, etc., to 2,000 or 3,000 Indians on each council day was pretty expensive business, and Col. Hoynes had as few council days as possible. His labors will be ended when he goes to Washington and makes his report.—*South Bend Tribune*.

### "What's in a Name?"

*Sympathetically inscribed to an esteemed friend whose Hibernian patronymic has recently been polarized in South Bend.*

Shades of all Murphys who brandished shillalies,  
What time there were "ructions" in Donnybrook fair!  
Rise in your might with your cousins the Dalys,  
And see would you know the proud name that you bear.  
Spell it in French, or in Dutch, or in Spanish  
With a "Don Santiago" prefixed to it, still  
Sounds it familiar—but back ye shades, vanish!  
MURFOWICZ with rage e'en dead Murphys would fill.  
D'HARBI MUHL DHUNE.



## St. Mary's Academy.

*One Mile West of Notre Dame University.*

—On Monday, January 5, regular class-work was resumed, although the holiday programme included four hours of attention daily to study, recitation, music and art.

—The library and fancy-work department were favorite resorts during the holidays; but the honors of preference were closely contested by the recreation halls and "box-room."

—The Minims' charming study-hall boasts a miniature Crib, around which the little Misses have ranged the various gifts Santa Claus brought—dolls, books, toys of all sorts, and a wonderful store of bon-bons. These privileged little ones were not forgotten by Very Rev. Father General, who sent a beautiful picture for the best princess; all were so good that they drew for it, and little Helen Girsch was the one favored by fortune.

—On Saturday evening, December 13, was given, by the Directress of Music the third lecture of the music course. It dealt with the early history of the heaven-born art; its aim being to awaken in the minds of the pupils a lively interest in music of the highest order. These frequent lectures, together with the good work done in the theoretical classes, cannot fail to lay, deep and strong, the foundation of a thorough musical education.

—The expression of grateful and affectionate good wishes, in the form of addresses and letters to Very Rev. Father General, is a long-established custom, and one that lends a special charm to the celebration of the first day of the New Year at St. Mary's. 1891 found Father's spiritual children and friends eager as ever in their manifestations of reverence and esteem; and, as the good wishes of both Sisters and pupils are strengthened by earnest prayers, we may confidently hope that health and happiness may be among the New Year's blessings.

—Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad" draws a vivid picture of the steamer cabin wherein are to be seen all the passengers faithfully writing the day's events in their journals. Moralizing on the subject of journal, he writes: "Only those rare natures that are made up of pluck, endurance, devotion to duty for duty's sake, and invincible determination, may hope to venture upon so tremendous an enterprise as the keeping of a journal, and not sustain a shameful defeat." Notwithstanding this category of virtues named as essential to the successful keeper of a diary, the student feels impelled at the opening of the new year to begin a record of the doings thereof; but, alas! at the end of the year she may not be four thousand pages behind, as poor Jack was, as described in the above-named book, but in many cases the school-girl will find herself about three hundred and sixty

days back in her bravely begun diary. The paper is rarely wasted, however, for the blank pages do nicely for notes, historical and otherwise, quotations, and algebra examples.

—Deference to the humility which ever characterized the life of dear Mother Colette, so lately taken from among us, has prevented the expression of many a tribute which grateful appreciation would fain pay to her worth; but we cannot forbear giving in part a communication from St. Mary's esteemed friend, Miss Eliza Allen Starr, who, under date of December 21, writes as follows:

"If I were writing her story and counting out her virtues, I should say that, naturally, Mother Colette was a woman who was ruled by the noblest sense of honor; and that this sentiment was not only never overruled by any consideration whatever, but was confirmed and strengthened by supernatural motives. Her mind was eminently a judicial mind, and this especially fitted her for her position in the Congregation. . . . Mother Colette was like a diamond without a flaw in her honor and probity, and there was a real grandeur of soul in her which always commanded my confidence and admiration."

—Just as the bell struck the hour of midnight Christmas eve, there rose in the Church of Our Lady of Loreto, the beautiful strains of *Pergolesi's* "Glory to God"; the marble altars reflecting myriad lights, the fragrance of sweet flowers, and the representation of the cave of Bethlehem, all seemed in keeping with the holy joy expressed in the words of the angels' hymn, sung so long ago over the hills of Judea, and which find response in all Christian hearts as the Feast of Christmas dawns. Rev. Father Hudson then celebrated the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, at which all received the Bread of Life. The High Mass, at 8 a. m., was sung by the chaplain, Rev. Father Scherer, who in touching words told the story of Bethlehem, and the lesson its every circumstance conveys. The *Adeste Fideles*, ever beautiful, ever devotional, was sung at the *Offertory*, and at the close of the Mass the choir rendered the grand old *Pastores*, with its prayer of praise outpoured in the Alleluia. Vespers and Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament concluded the religious celebration of the Feast of feasts—the Nativity of Our Lord.

—Now that the holidays are among the things of the past, the general topic of conversation is the semi-annual examination to be held the last week in January. Those who did not apply themselves diligently during the session mournfully exclaim: "Coming events cast their shadows before"; but the wise student who saw the "shadow" in September, and profited by the vision, need not fear, for she will deservedly stand in the light of success at the close of the test, and will have the pleasure—no inconsiderable one to a dutiful and grateful daughter—of sending her parents a creditable bulletin. As the first session draws to a close it is quite natural that one should look back to see what has been accomplished in the past five months, and from the knowledge gained by such an examination to make resolves that will insure success for the

work of the coming session. It is also quite natural that one should take into account the advantages enjoyed—and, surely, they have been many; for it is always the aim at St. Mary's to provide every means of improvement for the pupils, and at the same time to inspire all with such an appreciation of the means thus afforded as to insure the accomplishment of the end in view.

### The New Year.

As the chrysalis, faded and torn by the blast,  
No longer its brilliant-hued burden doth hold;  
As the butterfly gladly emerges at last,  
So the New Year springs forth from the Old.

Lo! the dawn of the day in its beauty untold  
Forgets all the darkness in joy for the light;  
And the radiant New Year doth part with the Old,  
As the dawn bids adieu to the night.

The forsaken Old Year, with its smiles and its sighs,  
Is left, like the chrysalis, cast in the dust;  
In the dust of the past, all forgotten it lies,  
Save when stirred by chance memory's gust.

The gay butterfly flits on its bright-tinted wings,  
And sips of the dew from each sweet-scented flower;  
The dark coverts it shuns, where the forest bird sings,  
But in sunshine it lives its brief hour.

Let us live for to-day, let us drink all its joy;  
Let future forebodings seek entrance in vain!  
In the gold of the New Year must be no alloy,  
On the butterfly's wings no dark stain!

For us all, let each day dawn commence a New Year,  
Nor limit to one month this season so glad;  
For each one of the twelve marks some memory dear,  
That must banish all thoughts that are sad.

As the joy-bells their tidings peal forth on the air,  
Announcing a new year to man has been given;  
In our hearts sound the chimes and an echo is there,  
'Tis an echo of praise unto Heaven.

KITTIE M. MORSE  
(*First Senior Class*).

### Memories.

"To-day I feel a breath,  
The curtains swing apart,  
And memories, like a silver mist,  
Float around my heart."

Standing upon the threshold of the New Year, Adelaide Procter's beautiful words seem most fitting to express the feeling that comes upon one as he turns from the prospect the future presents and looks upon the days that are gone. The past is pictured so vividly on our memory that in reviewing the events of our early life we seem to be moving through a long gallery in which are a multitude of pictures, some beautiful to gaze upon, others, from which we turn with regret and remorse. Home seems to predominate in the collection memory has made;

but how different are the representations time's brush has made on the mind and heart of those in whom filial affection is found, and of those in whom it is wanting!

Let us trace the memories of home that cheer the life of the devoted son. First, we behold a gentle, loving mother teaching childish lips to frame the sweet names of "Jesus" and "Mary"; then we see the youth standing beside that patient mother, listening to wise counsels born of mother-love, words carried by prayer straight to the listener's heart; further on, we find the man in active life snatching a few hours from his business cares to hearken again to that same sweet voice which has lost none of the old-time power; and, last sad scene, we behold him at the bed of death receiving the parting words of his mother who blesses her faithful boy,—her boy yet, though time has begun to silver his locks.

Ah! such pictures are beyond price, and their influence is sacred; for the benediction of a mother's prayers hovers around the soul of him whose life has formed such memories.

Shall we look at the paintings the past reveals in the memory of an ungrateful child? No; they would be too sad; and the reproach, the longing, the yearning love unrequited that would look out from the canvas whereon his mother is portrayed, would fill us with grief. And yet there are such memories in the lives of some.

If we would but remember that we are now painting what in future days will be a joy or a sorrow to contemplate, how eager would we not be to insure a bright, clear picture, one in which the blue sky of heaven is not overcast with clouds of unkindness, selfishness or ingratitude.

With the light of faith, hope and charity shining into the studio of our mind and heart, let us work on, painting the pictures that will make memory a solace, and which will secure the approving smile of Him who has bade us "work while it is light."

### Roll of Honor.

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#### JUNIOR DEPARTMENT.

Misses Augustin, Dennison, Girsch, K. Hamilton, M. Hickey, Silvey, Fossick, M. Burns, Scherrer, Meskill, M. Burns, McLaughlin, Reeves, White.

#### MINIM DEPARTMENT.

Misses Finnerty, Girsch, M. Hamilton, L. McPhillips, McCarthy, Otero, L. Smith, V. Smith, Windsor.